

**THE LIBERATOR:**  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, NO. 25 CORNELL.  
**HILTON.**  
Merchant  
NEW AND SECOND HAR-  
NITURE,  
TATLE-STREET,  
In the attention of his  
new Establishment,  
of House, Furniture  
in the city.  
**Stationery.**  
**MARSH.**  
Officer, when he will  
our service  
BOOKS; also, Bi-  
liberal terms.  
**Financial Committee.**  
LUCAS JACKSON, SAMUEL PHILBRICK,  
GEORGE LORING, EDMUND QUINCY,  
WILLIAM BASSETT.  
**LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.**

**ICAL BOOKS.**  
Cornhill, (Anti-Sla-  
ver's works written by  
conscientious auth-  
orities, with a variety of  
the most liberal terms. Also  
of *Philological* books.

**Establishment.**  
**ROBERTS,**  
STREET, BOSTON,  
short notice, every vari-  
in the neatest manner.

**PUNISHMENT.**

**BLISHED.**

**FAL PUNISHMENT.**

for sale by him at 24 L.

**scribbling and instructive**

**offences in every**

**part of O'Connell's**

**scripture ground has**

**embellished with a fine**

jan. 25

**SURGERY.**

**L. Surgeon Dentist**

the citizens of Boston

the city, who need

dentists that may

be of Washington's

operations on the teeth

or preservation, the

philosophical principle

cleansing and filling

the teeth for many

years, practical exper-

ience to satisfaction to all

strangers. Mineral

teeth in the most

terms; other charges

in S. BRAMHALL,

*La Grange Place*

**SPHEROUS,**

**COMPOUND**

housewives, who use it

to prevent baldness,

and remove every

hair, and glossy skin

appearances. The

Medicated Compound

and clarifying pow-

der, the action of

soothing and dis-

posing from the effects

of ruffiness, and dis-

posing to the latest period

**DAN'S, 2 Milk, 2d**

Feb. 17.

**BOARDING,**

**COLORED SEAMEN**

**REMAN,**

**STREET, BOSTON,**

his bearing brother

he will use his best

of the public pat-

Aug. 4.

**HOUSE**

**SEAMEN.**

to inform such color

that he has opened

the Count Sanc-

Church), and will

no pains will

be taken to please

him will be in acco-

prised of morally

and religiously, who

they can do good.

Jan. 12.

**ARD'S**

**SALVE.**

Velona, Biles, Ulster,

Ague in the face,

Salt Rheum, White

Whoooping Cough,

together with man's

its own best treat-

ment.

—praise goes a great

Jan. 12.

**BERATOR.**

*Hartford*—John S.

*Concord*—

*New York City*—

C. Fuller, Son

*Watertown*—John H.

*Roxbury*—Inno-

—Allegany, J. D.

*West Grove*—

—Thomas Ham-

*Andrew's Bridge*—

—M. Kim, *Philadel-*

—Abner G. Kid-

—Lot Holmes, *Ca-*

—A. Brooks,

*Charleston*—

Samuel, *Charleston*—





## POETRY.

From an English paper.

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

We earnestly recommend the well-to-do-in-the-world people to commit the following song to heart. It is not founded on fiction, but on heart-rending fact. *Turner-Halffence* is the current price for making a shirt in the richest metropolis of the world; and it will be seen by reference to our general news, that shirts are made in some of our workhouses for one *farthing*!—*Bradford Observer*.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'

Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!

And work—work—work,  
Till the star shine through the roof!

It's O! to be a slave!

Along with the barbous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,

If this is a Christian work!

Work—work—work,  
Till the brain begins to swim;

Work—work—work,  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and seam,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And see them on a dream:

O! men! with sisters dear:  
O! men! with mothers and wives!

It is not you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at one, with a double thread,

A shrug as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of Death?

That phantom of grisly bone,  
Hardly fears his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,

Because of the fasts I keep,

Oh God! that bread should be so dear,

And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work,  
My labor never flags;

And what are its wages? A bed of straw,

A crust of bread—and rags.

That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—

A table—a broken chair—

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank

For sometimes failing thee!

Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime,

Work—work—work—

As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,

As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work,

In the dull December light,

And work—work—work,

When the weather is warm and bright—

While underneath the eaves

The brooding swallows cling,

As if to show me their sunny backs,

And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath

Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—

With the sky above my head,

And the grass beneath my feet,

For only one short hour

To feel as I used to feel,

Before I knew the woes of want,

And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour!

A respite, however brief!

No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,

But only time for Grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,

But in their briny bed

My tears must stop, for every drop

Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,

Would that its tone could reach the rich!

She sang this 'Song of the Shirt.'

SONNETS.

THE PALACE AND THE HOVEL.

Behold yon palace lifting up its dome

'Mid wood-grown parks, and gardens sweet with flowers,

And fresh fountains, where the happy Hours

Pause in their flight, and gladness dwells at home

In perfumed bowers, and bright saloons, where Wealth

Holds his high courts;—and then, not distant far,

Mark the low hovel, through whose thatch, by stealth,

The morning sun peeps in, or evening star,

As if afraid with glance bold to look,

Where Want and Misery their vigils keep;—

Ay! gaze on both, and there, as in a book,

Read the world's history, and treasure deep

The sad, sad lesson—no! or was peace made,

But the thatched hovel sprawls beneath its shade.

—

THE TWO MURDERERS.

News comes that one hath died—that Morder's hand

Hath rent him of his life; and all the town

Is filled with anxious hearts, and up and down

Men hurry with flushed cheeks, or, talking, stand

By the street corner, planning how the thief,

Who stole his blood, may not escape. The while

Revenge sits on each heart, a voice of grief

Calls from a narrow lane, where, on a pile

Of filthy straw, another laid dead;

Who died of Hunger; but no tongue is there

That speaks of punishment, though by the bed

His murderer stands, and with complacent air

Looks on the hopes his pride hath brought to blight;

And, fearless, turns away—strong armed in legal right.

—

From the British Friend.

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF MY BIBLE.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

Were all the books the pens of men have writ,

Stored with their learning, eloquence, and wit,

Their thoughts prof. ad, and most impassioned verse,

And those which deeds of gods and men rehearse,

Together brought to charm the human soul,

This single volume would transcend the whole.

Here is the history of our fallen race,

The mystery, too, of God's redeeming grace;

Morality and wisdom from above,

In suffering taught, and sealed by dying love;

The strains that have been hymn'd by Angel choir,

The songs that saints shall sing to golden lyres,

A clart on earth, a title to the skies,

Salvation, knowledge, truth, within this volume lies.

Delhi, July 23, 1843.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## More Dragging Out.

DEAR BROTHER:

Last Sunday afternoon, I waited on my brother Lunsford Lane to the North Church, and called on the minister and the committee, and made application for the house for Monday evening: yet, notwithstanding all their pretensions to anti-slavery, with a slave before their eyes, longing to tell his experience, they refused to open their doors! An act which must give undoubted evidence to all, of the pro-slavery character of that church. Yet I rejoice, not because it is pro-slavery, but because it is beginning to show itself in its true light. It never loved anti-slavery; it does not love anti-slavery now; and I am glad it has been ready to make her confession in acts, if not in words, although it may have been like parting with an only son.

Brother Lane and myself stopped at the afternoon meeting. There was much said about keeping the Sabbath and reverencing the sanctuary. I thought if shutting the doors of their house against brother Lane was a specimen of their reverence for the sanctuary, that I had reason to rejoice that I was free from it.

In the evening, Lunsford lectured at S. Ford's house, while I, in remembrance of the slave, repaired to the North Church conference meeting, held at the meeting-house. Priest Pierce opened the meeting as usual, and made some remarks. He said much about the importance of a revival of religion, (a Congregational revival, I suppose,) and said he felt sometimes as though there was a revival about to commence. When he got through, he told the brethren of the church (for the sisters are not taken into account) they might speak or pray as they felt disposed; as though they had no right to speak, except he gave command. As no one seemed to be ready to improve the time, I arose, and said I felt moved, by the dictates of my own conscience and the spirit of truth and love, to make a few remarks; when I was disturbed by the priest, who said no one was to speak but the brethren of the church. At this time, a member of the church ordered me to sit down, as though I were a slave or a dog. I was also interrupted by one or two others. I told them I felt it obey God rather than man, and what I had to say, I would say in love. But they would not do. One of them clenched me by the arm, and the other took his old dirty pocket handkerchief, and held it over my mouth, to prevent the people hearing what I had to say! A mode of gagging that the members of Congress were never yet mean enough to stoop to. At this time, there was some confusion; and, verily, one would have thought that the revival which they had spoken of had all gone. But this was not the case, for the Doctor excused or allayed at pleasure, as the appropriate organ was touched. A young lady was present at several meetings, who exhibited extraordinary excitability, as different organs of the head or body were affected by the experiments. A touch on a certain part of her arm instantly produced a pugnacious attitude and assault. An experiment made on the organ of sonnolence, with the organ of the heart in contact with another, who held the hand of a third person, in a short time all three fell into a quiet and natural slumber, and remained so till roused to wakefulness by the finger of the lecturer. One gentleman, accidentally present, was so excited that he shrank from the approach of the lecturer; and it being suggested that he would not do this if blindfold, his eyes were effectively concealed by one of the committee, and then, being suddenly noiseless by the lecturer, he instantly faltered and fell upon the floor.

An elderly lady of great impressibility, submitted to several trials. She was easily put to sleep, or roused to activity, by the usual application. She had long been troubled with a cough, which the Doctor excused or allayed at pleasure, as the appropriate organ was touched. A young lady was present at several meetings, who exhibited extraordinary excitability, as different organs of the head or body were affected by the experiments. A touch on a certain part of her arm instantly produced a pugnacious attitude and assault. An experiment made on the organ of sonnolence, with the organ of the heart in contact with another, who held the hand of a third person, in a short time all three fell into a quiet and natural slumber, and remained so till roused to wakefulness by the finger of the lecturer. One gentleman, accidentally present, was so excited that he shrank from the approach of the lecturer; and it being suggested that he would not do this if blindfold, his eyes were effectively concealed by one of the committee, and then, being suddenly noiseless by the lecturer, he instantly faltered and fell upon the floor.

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